LILIOFOTE

JUNE & JULY, 1947 ONE SHILLING

MUSICAL COMEDY *By PEGGY PRYOR*

LONDON LIFE

JUNE / JULY 1947 ONE SHILLING

C-O-N-T-E-N-T-S

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OUR FRONT PAGE PICTURE

You may never have met or seen this amazing dancer, but beyond doubt she gives an exotic performance. The flagon of wine attached to her wrist is symbolical of her own peculiar method of display.

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Just Lisette

(Another Lisette story)

By ROSALIND WICKS

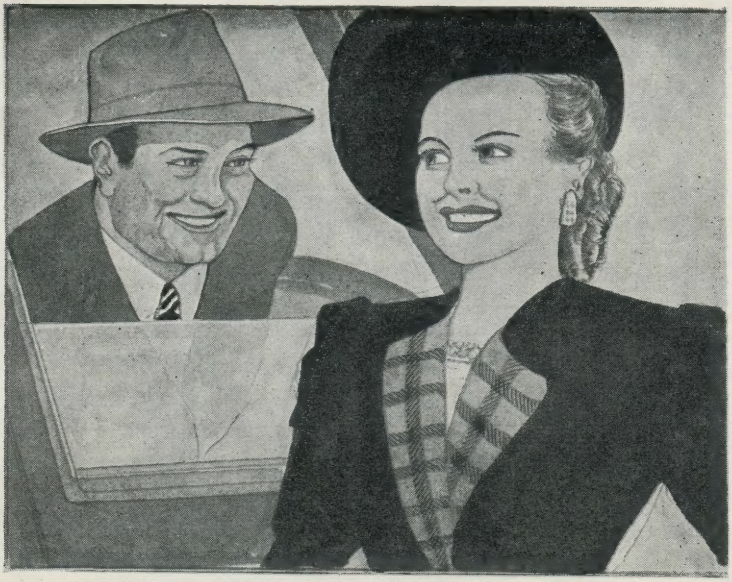
LOOKING exquisitely French, in a charming yellow cloth coat, and with her lovely blonde curls framed by a halo hat, Lisette trips daintily into her suburban home.

Straightway she crosses to the hall table, and stretching out a delightfully small brown suede gloved hand she takes up the telephone hand-set.

" 'Ullo ! 'Ullo ! Please I want 01612. Ah ! is that the office of Monsieur Grey ? It is ! Then please tell Monsieur Grey to come to the telephone, n'est-ce-pas ?

" Ah ! mon cher husband. This is your so charming Lisette. Is it not that I should have met you outside your so wonderful office, yes ! So ! But then you see, mon cher Herbert, I find it très difficile to reach your so trite London, because I have—how do you call him—the adventure.

" Bientôt, I am on my way,



Looking exquisitely French in a charming yellow coat.

thinking of my so delightful husband, n'est-ce-pas, when a so handsome young man in a so splendid motor car seems to be in difficulty. It appears, mon cher, that he does not know the way to London. But while I am giving the so complicated directions this handsome monsieur, he is staring at me. So ! I am furious, I stamp my foot, and I say to him that if he will not listen to my so careful directions I shall insist upon him driving to my instructions.

" But what a droll young man he is, n'est-ce-pas. You would think that he would not wish to be bothered with—how do you call him—a passenger. Yet he seemed pleased at the idea and, vitement, the door is open, and I am in.

" La ! La ! Would you think that so handsome a man, driving the motor car, could possibly be interested in the size of my waist. Yet, my Herbert, that is just how it was, non ? Certainement ! He has the strange idea, so I say, pouf ! If you have the measure I will soon settle the question, n'est-ce-pas. To this he says that he knows better, by the length of his arm.

" This I do not understand, so I say ' Comment ? '

" ' Certainly,' says this strange young man, and then he stops the so comfortable motor car and encircles my small waist with his, so long arm. There ! He say, I knew it.

" Surely, my Herbert, a funny way to measure a waist, but rather nice, n'est-ce-pas ?

" Ah ! So ! I say to myself, Lisette, how is it that the so noble Herbert does not measure

The door is open, and I am in.

my waist this way, but—peste ! how should mon cher husband be interested, yes ?

" Soon, I think that this monsieur has had long enough to make his measurement, but I find it très difficile to unclasp his arm because he has drawn me so close to him, and is kissing me.

" So, I say to myself ; Lisette, you shall now learn how the English young gentlemen make love, n'est-ce-pas ? Bien ! It is more important that I should learn the English custom than

to take the, so simple, luncheon with my Herbert.

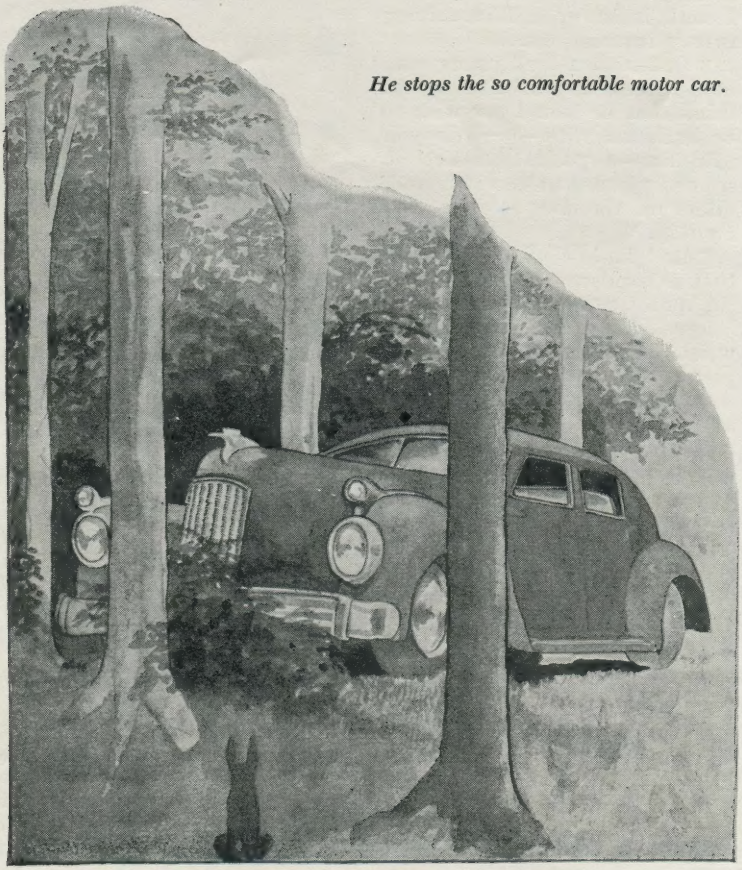
This so quaint monsieur appreciates my lipstick. Certainement he seems to find it très difficile to stop kissing my mouth.

" But me ! Ah ! bien. The lesson, he is learned, and all this I do for my Herbert ! No ?

" It is long before I can persuade myself, to persuade this monsieur to stop measuring my waist, my lips, my . . . but then, you—my icicle husband, could not possibly be interested, n'est-ce-pas ?

" And now, mon cherie, I must prepare the so ordinary English meal, for when you shall be here, n'est-ce-pas ?

" Ah ! pouf ! "



He stops the so comfortable motor car.

A Day at the Old Bailey.

Tales of Old London

IT was a lovely day in June when the Court opened at the Old Bailey in the year 1730. The Court was decked with sweet herbs that were tastefully arranged around the bench where the Judge and the Lord Mayor and the City officials sat. A mass of rosemary was planted beside the jury box and at the ends of the benches, where the barristers and clerks were seated.

The sweetbriars and rosemary were clumsy methods of disinfection in an attempt to abate the filth and gaol fever germs which spread themselves over the Courtroom and on to the decent clean-living citizens who came to see justice done and to spend a pleasing hour or two watching the sentencing of fellow citizens who had sinned. All the prisoners that came from Newgate to face their accusers were in a filthy state and the air of the Court was fœtid with horrible odours from their bodies and clothes as the spectators and friends of the prisoners sat down to await the opening of the trials.

An expectant hush settled on the crowded Court as the Lord Mayor and his attendant officers entered.

The first prisoner, George

All the prisoners came from Newgate prison.

Watkins, was called. He entered the dock and a shudder of repulsion ran through the Court.

He was a wild-looking man with a beard of three weeks' growth. His feet were bare as his boots had been stolen from him in Newgate. He limped rather badly and during the time of awaiting his trial had been heavily ironed—to prevent escape—it was explained. His crime was that he had attacked a man one night in Lincoln's Inn and had stolen his watch. The prisoner, although he pleaded "not guilty" in a hoarse voice, had nothing to say in his defence, beyond the muttered excuse that he was very poor. The Judge said a few quiet words and recommended a verdict of "Guilty."

The dreaded black cap was donned by the Judge and the sentence of death passed upon the prisoner.

While the Judge was intoning the sentence, a noose was slipped over the prisoner's thumbs and pulled tightly three times. The Judge's voice, "You are to be hanged until dead," broke into the unfortunate devil's whimpers for mercy. He was led

She has stolen a cloak from outside a clothiers shop.

BUTT-IN-BESSIE AS A LAND GIRL

away out of the dock and a second fellow hurried in.

He was a smart, well-set-up young fellow in a scarlet coat and well-blacked boots. He had money on him when arrested, so he was able to secure a private cell for himself and so avoid the misery and turmoil of the general prison. He was charged with highway robbery with violence. The prosecutor admitted that the man who had demanded "Your money or your life" had been masked, but he had picked him out at a place he had been to by a thief taker. The jury felt sympathy for the prisoner's youth and did not wish to hang such a fine fellow. So they returned a verdict of "Not guilty," and the young man, a prisoner no longer, walked jauntily out of the dock, but not before he had settled the gaolers with some of the money he had in his pocket.

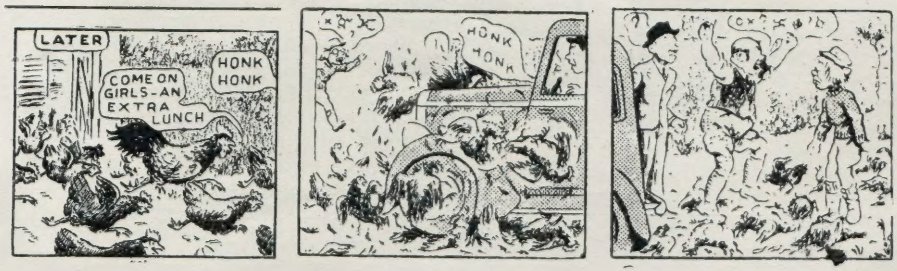
Then a wrinkled-looking woman with a half-clad baby in her arms entered the dock. She wept almost continuously, and so did the infant, and to the accompaniment of the wailings the charge was called out. She had stolen a cloak from outside a clothier's booth. The question was: Is the cloak worth more than the desperate need of the poor woman and her child?

In great solemnity the Judge felt the texture of the cloak, and listened coldly to the woman's piteous plea for mercy. Her husband had been pressed into the Army and she did not know of his whereabouts. She had the baby to provide for and had yielded to the temptation of stealing the cloak to wrap the half-naked child in.

The hard faces of the jury and Judge softened a little as they listened to the sad story, but a shopkeeper cried out:

"What is to become of us if this woman is allowed to go free? She will steal again and again!"

At that call from a respectable citizen the Judge pronounced her as guilty, and sentence of death was passed. At the end of the day of mixed justice and injustice, the Court adjourned and the spectators returned to their homes, there to discuss with relish the happenings at Court, while the prisoners went back to their cells to await the sentence of death on the morrow.



JOKING APART

By EDGAR C. ADKINS

YOU don't know Joe Couver, do you? He's a professional funny man all day, and as a hobby he works for spite all night, too. Gets fun out of everything and everybody. Now if he'd only relax and be really miserable—or even unhappy—now and again, everyone else would find it great fun.

I bumped into him a few days ago, although I'd enough to worry me as it was.

"Hullo, cheerless!" he grinned. "Did you hear what the land girl said to the young farmer?"

"Hello Cheerless!"

"No," I replied emphatically.

"That's right," he chuckled. "How's the wife?"

"That's the trouble," I sighed.

"Aren't they all?" he grinned again.

"I mean she's out of sorts. No life. Fed up. Losing her sparkle."

"Bet you a 'glass bun and a bath of milk' to a four-course blow-out that I know what's wrong with her."

"What?" I asked.

"Her husband," he smiled. "That's jolly well what. Make her laugh. Tell her that one about Mae West——"

I sighed.

"I'll have to do something to cheer her up. I'd thought of getting her a new hat."

"Ah," he grinned, "you can't 'bowl a maiden over' 'by doing the hat-trick'—see?"

"I see," I retorted. "Anyway she never wears a hat."

"That's right! So she doesn't. Try on a pair of new shoes. Better still, let her try 'em on herself."

"Shoes?—Hum!" I meditated.

"No good, of course," he went on. "I remember now. She's got a pair of shoes."

"Idiot! Shoes won't do. I mean something—er—bigger."

"Wellingtons," he suggested with a wink.

Glided and wriggled.

'Hopeless."

"Something big, eh?" he grinned again. "I know! Increase your life insurance and then reduce the number of years you'll live."

"But even then it may be years before I die."

"'Fraid so," he said. "Still we'll all die sometime—if we're spared."

I ignored this ridiculous remark.

"No!" I said. "I want to do something to cheer her up while I'm still alive.

"Does she know you are still alive," he asked. "She's young like you—except that she's good looking. She wants fun and laughter."

"We can't all be funny men like you," I retorted.

He roared at this.

"It's my job and my pastime," he said. "Now, did you hear the story of the income tax collector who got married——?"

"No," I said, "I didn't. How is it you never married yourself?"

"Don't be silly," he chuckled. "A man can't marry himself. I knew a clergyman who married another man's wife——"

"A clergyman did?" I asked.

"Yes. He married her to her husband. It's usually a clergyman who does that you know. Get it?"

I changed the subject back again and said, "I could buy her a new dress."

"Yes, that's it!" he jumped with joy. "That's abso-jollylutely it. Fancy dress. Take her to the fancy dress dance at the 'Whirldrome' on Saturday.

I discreetly withdrew.

Cheer her up like billio and one o'clock. Fun and laughter. Take years off your young cheerless lives."

"I don't dance," I told him.

"Nor do I if there's a bar, but she'll like the soft lights and maybe the soft drinks too. Some women are funny that way."

"Some men," I retorted, "are funny anyway. I'll see what she thinks. It's only just across the road from us."

"That's it, boy! Ask her 'why does a chicken cross the road?'."

"I knew that at school," I said. "It's in order to reach the other side. That right?"

"Most decidedly wrong," he grinned, "wrong because it's a foul proceeding, see?—a 'fowl' proceeding."

A cold shiver went up my spine, and that's liable to turn, in some cases, to pneumonia, or in this case to murder, so I left him while he was still smiling.

On the Saturday, I persuaded my wife to come to the dance. It was all very gay and jolly, and my wife wore a pretty new frock or rather a new pretty frock, which is quite a different thing, come to think of it.

Couples glided and wriggled and collided and giggled and we danced. During the interval there was some soft music and some hard drinking, after which I mislaid my wife but guessed she would be tripping lightly around with some young partner or other. I felt I needed some fresh air so passed through the french windows into the grounds outside. Who should be sitting on a bench behind a sheltering bush but Joe himself. He was laughing loud and long as usual and it was evident he had just told one of his latest funny stories or something to the blonde head that was resting, between giggles, on his broad shoulder. He half turned and waved a paw at me. A greeting which was obviously also a sign to "buzz off." Joe had said

"Why does a chicken . . . . ?"

there would be fun and games and the bar was sold out now anyway, so I discreetly withdrew and left him with his girl friend. Joining the dancers, I grabbed a sweet young thing in a frilly green material.

"Enjoying yourself, aren't you?" inquired my wife's voice as the music stopped.

I turned and left my young partner in the frills.

" Sorry, darling," I said. " I couldn't find you at the bar. Been having a jolly time ? "

" Let's have the last dance," she said. " I've had great fun."

" Good," I sighed, thankful she hadn't noticed my long absence among the glasses and bottles.

As we climbed into our coats at the end of the dance she took my arm and gave it a squeeze.

" I feel twenty-five years' younger," she giggled—actually giggled.

" I, too, feel full of fun and joy myself," I admitted. " It's done us good."

As we crossed the road I said, " Why does a chicken cross the road, darling ? "

We both laughed out loud.

" Why," she said, " you're acting like you used to when I first knew you."

" You too, sweet," I cooed as I clasped her with one hand and turned my latch key with the other.

When I saw Joe next morning, I immediately remembered the bench, the bush, and the blonde head, and determined to get a joke in first.

" Ah ! you rascal," I cried, " who was the lady I saw you with last night ? "

He grinned and dug me in the ribs before he replied—

" That was no lady, that was YOUR wife."

" The correct answer is," I said, " ' that was no lady, that was MY wife '."

" That's what I said, old boy," he chuckled, " and believe you me, you've got something there, and doesn't she know some funny stories ; she had me in fits."

" Betty, how dare you, go upstairs at once and put on a longer frock."

THE STRANGEST RACE ON RECORD

By C. F. S. HILL

THE strangest race between animals ever to be recorded took place at The Hague, Holland, 91 years ago.

The race, on which was staked 1,000 guilders in prize money, was run over a course of six miles, and the two runners were a trotting horse and a fully grown hog.

The race arose out of a claim by the owner of the horse that he was willing to back his animal against anything living on four legs. A farmer overheard the boast and at once took up the challenge.

"Come, sir, don't brag so much about the swiftness of your horse," he said, "for I have a hog I would not hesitate to run against him."

A roar of laughter greeted his words, but the owner of the hog was not to be outdone.

"Well, gentlemen," he went on, "I will here and now challenge this gentleman to run his fast trotter against my hog, Nero, over a straight heat of six miles for 1,000 guilders a side, provided his horse carries two persons, and that I be allowed 14 days in which to train my pig."

The conditions were agreed to, and it was arranged that the race should take place at 11 in the morning in an avenue leading from The Hague to the seashore at Scheveningen.

A crowd gathered at the avenue the next morning to watch the start of Nero's training, and promptly at 11 the farmer arrived with his hog.

With many kicks and clouts the animal was driven down the course to the winning post. Here Nero was fed with his

With kicks and clouts the animal was driven down the course.

favourite food—two herrings, after which he was driven back to his pen at the starting point.

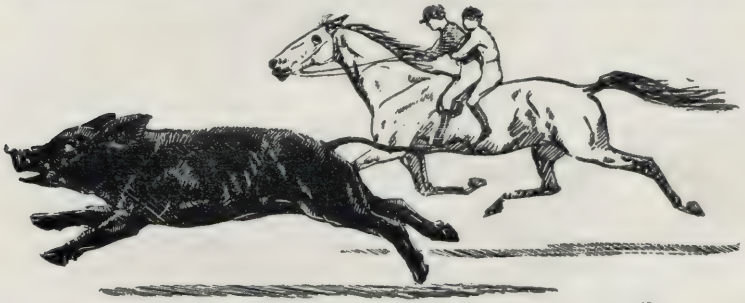
The next day Nero was starved and did not appear outside of his pen. On the third day the hog was perfectly ravenous, but his master did not appear a minute before 11 a.m., when he again went through the procedure of driving him down the avenue to the winning post. The farmer there presented his animal with three herrings—one extra, and then with much prodding and coaxing drove him back over the course to the pen.

On the fifth day, Nero seemed to have some understanding of what was expected of him, for he went along the course at a good pace without any promptings, and this time he was allowed to devour four herrings.

As the training proceeded the hog's eagerness to cover the course increased. The scanty meals and the unusual exercise had made him thin indeed, but he was speedy enough to outdistance his trainer, who was by this time obliged to follow his charge on a horse.

The day before the race, Nero was again starved, and although his loud and continuous grunts of hunger at 11 a.m. intimated his desire to be released from his pen, his master did not appear.

On the morning of the race, horse and pig appeared at the starting-post. The avenue down which the race was to be decided was lined with amused and interested spectators, and punctually at 11 the signal to start was given, amid loud cheers from the crowd.



Nero, ravenous with hunger, fairly flew over the course.

The horse, carrying its two riders, moved off at a smart pace, but Nero, ravenous with hunger and looking as light and as nimble as a greyhound, fairly flew over the course, with his owner following on horseback. Getting well into his stride and gradually increasing his lead, Nero raced for the winning-post and the big pail of herrings which he knew was waiting there for him.

When the horse arrived at the finishing-point, Nero was making short work of the herrings, having beaten his opponent by nearly half a mile.

SAM and ANN

By O.K.

FUNNY things happen to fellers when they come out of the Army. Take the case of Sam. Sam didn't go back to Collgatti's when he was released from the Army and, at the time, I told him he was all kinds of a fool. Collgatti offered him a better job than he had there before the war because they needed him badly. But an uncle or aunt or someone had left Sam three acres and a cow in Cornwall, and Sam said he was going there to live—off his three acres and his cow! Absolutely crazy.

Sam is a great strapping feller of thirty-five or six, not bad looking and, believe me, a natural born, as well as highly trained, genuine artist at his job. But to Cornwall went Sam to find that the cow had long since died and that those three acres were a wilderness of weeds. There was a stone-built cottage in "moderately good" repair, and the view was absobloominglutely perfect. Ideal for anyone suffering from too much army.

I dare say you know the kind of spot, miles from any place. One of those V-shaped openings in the Cornish cliffs with a small strip of beach facing the Atlantic. No land in front until you come to Newfoundland or thereabouts. There was only one other house in sight, a palatial bungalow-residence belonging to a loud noise in the iron or coal trade, otherwise nothing but gorse and moorland, cliffs and sea. Sam bought some chickens and started to dig out the weeds. He didn't intend to work too hard and the isolation was perfect to anyone who had had to live too close to too many for too long. He positively craved for freedom, elbow room and peace, and here he had bags of all three. And then his troubles started. They started with a kid aged about eight or nine.

"Hello!" she said, appearing suddenly one morning as Sam was digging, "I'm Pearl, who are you?"

"Hello, Pearl!" replied Sam, all amiability, "I'm Sam."

"Are you the guy that keeps these dam' chickens?" asked Pearl sweetly, with an emphasis on the "dam'."

"I am," replied Sam, pausing.

"Well, I'm going to kill them, kill them all."

"Oh, are you?" said Sam, eyeing the kid, who looked a bit too bright for her age, "why?"

"Because they wake us up in the morning, and because you are a horrid man," said Pearl.

"D'you live up there?" asked Sam, nodding at the palatial bungalow-residence aforementioned, and Pearl nodded.

"Are you very, very poor?" asked Pearl.

"Yes," said Sam.

"And hungry?"

"Nope," said Sam.

"Whatyer come here for?"

"Because I own the property," said Sam.

"Gert yer," said Pearl, "I'll poison all your chickens with weed killer."

"You're a rude little brat," said Sam calmly, "run away and play," and, stooping to resume his digging, he thereby just missed a stone thrown with surprising accuracy at his head.

"Here, you!" said Sam sharply, "run away and play or get spanked—go on, now!" and for a moment looked as though he intended to carry out his threat, but just then a girl appeared. The spring day was bright and warm, and she was clad in two little bits of cloth known as a two-piece bathing suit, and she looked all right to Sam, who was clad simply in shoes and shorts, a costume that suited his muscular build. She returned his all-over gaze of natural and mutual interest and approval; you know, one of those split seconds that can mean so much in so little time. Then the kid set up a howl—a hell of a howl considering her size, and the girl's face clouded instantly with fear and anxiety.

"Ann! Ann!" yelled Pearl, pointing at Sam, "that man was going to spank me, Ann! Go and hit him, Ann. Hit him hard!"

Acute embarrassment came to the girl's expression, embarrassment, fear, trouble, worry—all kinds of things.

"Good morning, Ann," said Sam, smiling, "how d'you find yourself? Is that yours?" indicating the kid, who was maintaining a stream of yells and accusations.

The girl stooped and tried to quieten the child, who only yelled the louder, then a dog appeared and the child set the dog at Sam. But Sam caught the dog a kick and the dog set up a yelping accompaniment to the child, a most surprising uproar on a still spring morning where all had been peace and quiet.

Gradually the girl coaxed the kid and dog away but she gave one backward glance at Sam and her expression was apologetic but worried.

"Very odd," thought Sam, resuming his digging, "dam' nice girl though."

That, as you might say, was the first episode.

The second came the following day, when Sam caught the kid in the act of noosing one of his hens (and the only one that laid) in a wire loop with intent to do grievous bodily harm. This time Sam carried out his threat, and as Pearl was in shorts he administered three stinging slaps, and the hullabaloo was positively deafening. And once again the girl appeared.

"Look here!" she cried angrily.

"It's all right, I'm looking," said Sam, "and I certainly admire your bathing costume."

For a long moment a gleam of amusement appeared in the girl's eyes, and then was hidden by a scowl. "I wish to goodness you hadn't slapped that child!" she exclaimed, and there was a note of genuine distress in her voice.

"But she was trying to kill one of my hens!" protested Sam.

"Ann! Ann! Hit that man!"

"Well, we'd have paid for it," retorted the girl indignantly. "You don't understand!" and off she ran, after the child, while Sam watched her with admiration and some surprise.

That, as you might say, was the second episode. The third came along that evening and in the form and figure of a thin elderly man, bad tempered with a drawn face, but with all the make-up of Big Business stamped upon him. He opened up with a very curt "Good evening."

"Good evening," replied Sam amiably. He was lounging in a chair in front of his cottage

reading the previous day's London paper and in that happy state of mind brought about by being completely at peace with himself.

" I understand you own this property," remarked his visitor with a piercing and direct look.

" I do," replied Sam. " Why?"

" What ? Why," snapped his visitor, with all the appearance of having breakfasted, lunched and dined off lemons for years.

" Why d'you ask ? " said Sam.

" Because I wish to buy your property."

" My property is not for sale," answered Sam, still seated and still amiable. " That your place up there ? " indicating the bungalow-residence.

" It is, and——"

" Nice little shack you got. And is that very pestiferous kid that has been trying to kill my chickens your daughter ? " asked Sam.

" She is *not*——" began his visitor, and then paused while his face was contorted and he clasped his stomach.

Sam sat up.

" Whatsmatter ? " he exclaimed, surprised.

" Life-long dyspepsia and a permanent threat from duodenal ulcer——" gasped his visitor.

" What you want's a good cook," said Sam sympathetically.

" Cook ! " exclaimed the old man recovering himself somewhat and drawing breath. " That's just the point, young fellow. I'd have you know that for thirty-five years have I suffered, but never so much as for the last five. Only recently I was able to bribe a woman

to come and cook for me, and that damned child is her daughter ! D'you see the point ? Why my own daughter Ann spends her days trying to keep that half-pint size curse out of

trouble because a good cook is worth more than money to anyone situated as I am. It was only by sheer bribery and corruption that I succeeded in getting her away from a restaurant in London."

"Sounds funny to me——"

"Nothing's funny," moaned his visitor in the tragic, despairing melancholy of the chronic dyspeptic.

"Because," continued Sam imperturbably, "no woman can really cook, not what I mean by *cook*. War-time conditions, I suppose. I used to be second chef at Collgatti's, some while ago, and when I came out of the army they wanted me back as head. But," he added casually, "I wanted peace, elbow room and quiet," and he rose as Ann appeared suddenly beside her father and smiled a friendly smile at Sam.

"Eh?" screeched Ann's father, and believe me, it was a screech, or something between a screech and a squawk of amazed incredulity. "Young man, this is not easy to believe. *You*, a chef at Collgatti's, and they wanted you to return, instead of which you're rusticating here ——!"

Sam smiled and shrugged. He had all documents necessary to prove his statements, but did not bother to produce them.

"Reaction from army life, I suppose," he replied lightly. "I wanted to get away from crowds—just that. I have a little money and this cottage was left to me. Those are the facts, and facts are generally stranger than fiction," and he turned to look at Ann, who was gazing at him with sudden round-eyed attention.

"If what you say is true," almost whispered the old man, with the solemn, impressive manner of one dealing with some great financial deal, "I'd pay you twenty—yes, twenty pounds a week to take charge of my kitchen——"

"Oo-ee!" squealed Ann with sudden startling glee, "and we could get rid of Mrs. Whatsername and her beastly child!"

"Thanks a lot," replied Sam,

"Clutching the target area."

"Eh!" screeched the old man.

"I really don't want any job just now, which is why I refused Collgatti's offer. But I will gladly show your daughter how to make various dishes you can eat and enjoy without painful results. That wouldn't take long."

"That's what you think," said Ann softly.

And the rest of the story concerns only Sam and Ann, and not you and me.

PAPER SHORTAGE

The Manager of "London Life" has been obliged to amalgamate the issues for April–May and also for June–July. Regular monthly issues will be resumed with the August issue.

The "Grand Debauch" of Conn O'Neill, Earl of Tyrone

Written and Illustrated by
F. MATANIA, R.I.

IN the year 1542 it was found expedient for Henry the Eighth, that able but much-harassed monarch, to do something or other to keep the Irish quiet. Henry decided to make Conn O'Neill, an uncrowned King of Ulster, Earl of Tyrone. The ceremony was heralded by trumpets, pomp and circumstance, and plenty of mental Irish reservations. He might as well have tried to placate an enraged bull-elephant. Conn was a big, red-bearded man of thirty, with a fleshy face, hairy arms and the body of a Hercules.

"It's a racket!" roared Conn to his followers from Ulster, which included a bishop, after the brilliant ceremonial at Greenwich. "This earl's robe cost me twenty pounds. I had to pay ten pounds to that fat Officer-at-Arms, and tip the captain of the trumpeters forty good shillings. Tips, tips, tips! All the English want is money. They've skinned me alive, bad cess to them! You guzzlers have eaten me out of house and home, and at Cheapside we couldn't fill our bishop with wine. One of you disgraced me by trying to eat a salt-cellar. Back to Ulster, boys, where the whisky's twopence a quart. I'm the first Earl of Tyrone now, begorra, and when we get back to Castlereagh we'll have a grand debauch to celebrate."

"That's the style, begob!" bellowed the followers. "More power to yer elbow, Conn, me bucko!"

"Call me 'Your Lordship' in future," chuckled Conn, wriggling coyly.

A bellow of cynical derision followed this sally.

Henry heard about Conn's disgruntled speech and called the uneasy Ulster clan together to say farewell. He eyed the suite of hairy, bareheaded gallowglasses in bright yellow shirts, armed with battle-axes a century out of date. "They look as if they'd come from the wastes of Siberia," he whispered to his minister, Cranmer, who grunted.

The English king reluctantly gave Conn a gold chain which had cost him £65 10s. 2d., and heaved a big sigh of relief when the men of Ulster departed, as he had other things to think about. He wondered would Katharine Parr chance it and become his sixth wife. The English ladies at Court, deeply interested in Conn, were sorry he had to leave. They had heard he had swarms of children, and had made it a rule never to refuse paternity to anyone.

When Conn O'Neill and his clan got back to Castlereagh, on the brow of the County Down hills, a few miles from Belfast, preparations were at once begun for

Henry the Eighth eyed the suite of hairy, bareheaded gallowglasses in bright yellow shirts, armed with battleaxes a century out of date.

the promised "grand debauch."

To Conn's disappointment, there wasn't enough wine in his cellars. There were lashings of whisky, hundreds of sheep, goats and oxen, bread and fruit, but no wine.

"We can't have a decent debauch without wine!" bellowed Conn. "The harpers won't play for the dancing unless they're half-drunk. D'ye want to disgrace me before the neighbours? Send a ship to Spain immediately. Pack her with corn, hides, wool, lint, whisky, anything

The fight was short, but the inflamed clan of Conn O'Neill won easily.

they like, and tell them to send by return their value in the best Spanish wine. Hurry! This time they needn't send me any silks, Toledo blades or battleaxes; all I want is wine."

The ship, loaded to the decks, was soon ready to sail for sunny Spain, and Conn waited impatiently; it was a long voyage 400 years ago.

Meanwhile, the English garrison established at Belfast Castle heard enviously of the preparations for the "grand debauch." Their leader was Sir Antony St. Leger, Lord Deputy for Ireland, a man who enjoyed a goblet of good wine as well as Conn O'Neill.

"We'll wait until the ship returns from Spain," said St. Leger to his captain. "I'll confiscate the lot, for not a barrel of that wine will ever pay a farthing of duty. Conn will never suspect and we'll wait at his little sandy creek near Connswater."

The ship from Spain arrived. Much to the clan's fury, the English soldiers collared the cargo "in the name of the King," and proceeded to roll the barrels of wine along the sand in the direction of Belfast.

Conn had only sent a dozen unarmed men to the creek, and they were quite unprepared to do battle with the soldiers.

When he heard the terrible news Conn O'Neill was stupefied. He had smuggled whisky for years and none

The Earl of Tyrone was an important prisoner and was allowed liberties in prison, which included daily visits from his beautiful wife Alice.

had said him nay. He gathered his clan around him in the great hall of Castlereagh and, after swearing for ten minutes in raucous, full-blooded Irish oaths, he raised his right hand on high—a red but hairy hand of Ulster the size of a ham.

" Clan of the O'Neills ! " roared Conn, his big body shaking with fury. " If you don't avenge this insult and get me back that cargo of wine—every barrel, mind—you'll never serve me or Ulster again. These dirty, bawdy Sassenach soldiers have insulted your chieftain, Conn O'Neill. By the souls of my father and his ancestors, who've always been kings of Ulster, I swear by this raised right hand we'll have our revenge ! We've time to catch them at the Belfast ford. Are you with me !

" To a man ! " shouted his thirsty clan, and grabbing battleaxes and spears from the walls of Castlereagh, they rushed out yelling their war-cry to do battle with the English soldiers and get back their precious wine.

The inflamed clan of O'Neill won easily ; they were five to one. The fight was short and sharp, but, alas for Conn, some English soldiers were killed which, to Lord Deputy St. Leger's mind, amounted to making war on his King. He had looked forward to drinking the wine from Spain and putting one over O'Neill, and was much disappointed.

" You've killed my men," frowned St. Leger. " That's high treason. The penalty is death. I must assert my royal authority and arrest you."

" Bah ! " snorted Conn. " Your soldiers stole my wine. They ought to be hanged."

" My orders. That wine paid no Customs duty."

" Pah ! Never paid duty in my life, and never shall."

" You haven't heard the last of this, O'Neill. It's my move."

" Pooh ! Move your damndest ! Henry the Eighth and I are the best of friends. Come and get me any time you feel like it, St. Leger."

The Lord Deputy did not show his hand until the morning after the " grand debauch." He arrived at Castlereagh with all the soldiers he could muster and found Conn O'Neill and his clan in a drunken sleep. The new Earl of Tyrone woke in a cell called the " Lion's Den " in Carrickfergus Castle, overlooking Belfast Lough, and was in no condition to do anything about it.

Conn's young wife, Alice, was a tall girl of twenty, a brunette with black eyes, red cheeks, and a firm, pointed chin, brave, resolute, determined. She was one of the best swimmers in Ireland.

The Earl of Tyrone was an important prisoner and was allowed liberties in Carrickfergus which included daily visits from Alice, whose peering eyes soon spied out the lay of the land with a view to Conn's escape.

With her provisions one day she brought two cheeses, one as a present to the captain of the castle.

" Your cheese has been scooped out and the hole filled in," she whispered to Conn when she got him alone. " Inside the cheese there's a coiled rope and a file which will go through those rusty bars of your cell like butter. They've been there for hundreds of years, remember. The 40 foot rope will let you down to the sea. I'll have a boat waiting for you at midnight on Saturday. This is Tuesday. Good luck."

" I'm as good as free already," grinned Conn. " They keep no watch on me at night ; but be careful, my dear."

" Conn says will you let him escape on Saturday night at twelve ? " murmured Alice sunnily to the captain as she left the castle.

" Ho, ho ! " chuckled the captain. " That's a good one ! He'll have a bit of a bother digging himself out. The walls are 9 feet thick."

"You have been warned," tittered Alice.

"Thank you very much," laughed the captain easily. "But thanks a lot more for the cheese. I can see a joke. Conn doesn't want to escape. He's as happy as the day is long. Why, madam, we let him walk about the courtyard. He plays cards with us and wins all our money. He can go into Carrickfergus for a drink with a soldier any time he likes. All I've got to do is to see him into his cell every night. There's a thirty-foot sheer drop into the sea and the water's always deep. Escape? Ho, ho!"

"Perhaps I'll come myself and take him away," laughed Alice. "Would twelve o'clock on Saturday be convenient?"

The captain choked with suppressed laughter at what he thought was the best piece of bluff he had ever heard coming from a very handsome girl.

Despite the muttered protestations of the men, Alice stripped and plunged in to the sea.

About a quarter to twelve on Saturday night Alice arrived outside Carrickfergus Castle in a tidy little sloop of three tons and anchored a quarter of a mile from the dark walls. She had three picked men with her.

"We daren't go any nearer," whispered the captain.

Alice frowned. "Can you swim?" she asked, glancing at the moon and turning her eyes on a small wicker coracle in the stern, a round boat which a man could easily carry on his back.

"Can't swim a stroke."

"Any of the men?"

"No."

"Very well. I'll go myself. Up with the anchor. Keep a little weigh on the sloop and slip past the castle, but don't go too far or I might miss you in the dark. Conn will come down the rope at midnight. Moon or no moon a boat must be there. Have my clothes warm and dry and a big towel ready in the cabin when I get back."

Despite the muttered protestations of the men, Alice stripped and plunged into the sea to starboard. The coracle was flung after her and she swam steadily to the castle, pushing the light boat before her. All was silence.

A dark form slid down the castle wall to the boat and fifteen minutes later the sloop with Conn aboard was sailing steadily to Bangor.

"Heth, Alice," cried the amazed Conn as he briskly rubbed her down in the cabin "you're a wonder. How—why had you to come yourself?"

"Gently, Conn, gently," protested Alice. "I'm not a crocodile. The moon came out at the wrong time and we couldn't get the sloop near the walls. None of the men could swim, and a quarter of a mile's nothing to me even when I have to push a coracle."

"Where are we going?"

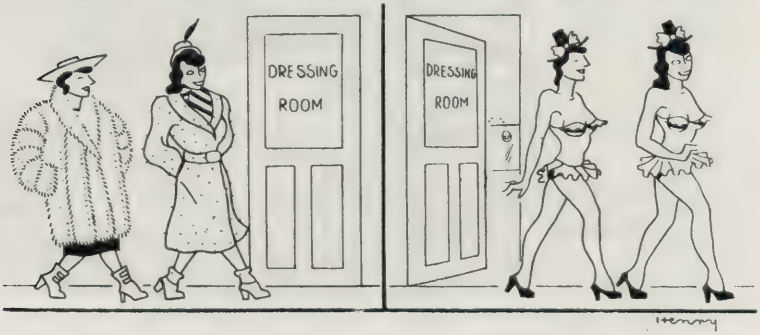
"Bangor," she laughed. "We'll hide you in the church steeple in case that English trash St. Leger's snooping about. Then over to bonnie Scotland thirty miles away when the coast is clear. From there we can work down to London and get all this squared with Henry."

"A lad after my own heart," chuckled Conn, "and so are you, Alice, me brave boyo."

"Pass that towel, Conn, and behave yourself."

Conn O'Neill, was not recaptured and Henry the Eighth, refreshed by the solace and comfort of Katherine Parr, roared with mirth and freely forgave him when he had an eyeful of Alice and her good looks, and heard the whole adventure.

The DRESSING ROOM—ENTRY AND EXIT



ONE MAN TOO MANY!

By PHYLLIS HASTINGS

FOR three years Mr. Shedden had put up with it. He had watched his bacon ration regularly disappearing down the throat of the lodger. He had seen his favourite armchair bearing the imprint of the lodger's contours, not his own. He had shivered in a tepid bath because the lodger took *his* bath early and hot. He had listened to his wife saying, " I'll fetch it for you, Mr. Nock," and " Do have another helping, Mr. Nock ! " and, later, " I'll do it willingly for you, Douglas." All this and more Mr. Shedden had put up with. But now he had had enough. He was going to make a change in the household. Somehow.

Talking didn't get him anywhere, of course. He said, "Roseannah, I feel it very keenly, this favouritism you display."

" What do you mean ? "

" I mean that everything which is too good for me is not good enough for the lodger."

She shrugged her shoulders in distaste. " Please don't call Douglas the lodger, Will."

" What is he, then ? " asked Mr. Shedden, bluntly.

" He's more like a friend. He ought to be, anyway, after all this time."

" He's no friend to me. I can't even get my socks darned, because you're so busy making pretty patterns on his."

" I've only got one pair of hands."

" Exactly ! Not sufficient to keep two men in comfort."

" Well, you know how useful the money is to us," she said, bringing up the old and original reason for the lodger's presence.

" Money ! " exclaimed Mr. Shedden, bitterly. " When Douglas Nock has finished eating and piling coal on the fire and sending six shirts a week to the laundry there isn't enough money left to buy me half-a-pint of mild, if you were to let me have it for that purpose, which you don't."

" Stop nagging ! " Mrs. Shedden cried. " I'm not getting rid of Mr. Nock, so you needn't think I am. And if you were more like him, our home would be a happier place."

Mr. Shedden sighed. It was amazing what six feet of beefiness and breezy manner could do, especially when accompanied by a mouthful of very white teeth under a dark moustache. Well, if direct tactics would not do, he would have to try diplomacy.

He thought about the matter for a long time before he hit on what seemed to be a sound scheme, and even then he didn't rush it. He paved the way with several remarks.

" Is my wife trying to kill you ? " he asked one evening at supper, looking at Mr. Nock's well-filled plate.

" Yes. Kill me with kindness," said Mr. Nock, patting a

waistcoat which did not descend quite so vertically as it had done two or three years before.

Mr. Shedden pursed his lips. " Maybe it's kindness and maybe it isn't. *I* wouldn't eat so many fried onions at this time of night."

A few days later he waited until his wife was out of the room, then said, his mouth close to Mr. Nock's ear, " Careful of that fish ! "

" What's the matter with it ? "

" It's not fresh."

" Tastes all right to me."

Mr. Shedden gave a laugh which he hoped would make Mr. Nock think of tombstones. " Decay can be disguised by sauces. *I* didn't eat any."

" There wasn't enough for you," said Mr. Nock, with the tactlessness in which he excelled.

" Lucky for me," said Mr. Shedden, meaningly, " fish poisoning can be a nasty thing."

Mr. Nock laid down his knife and fork.

" Don't say anything to her ! " Mr. Shedden warned him. " We mustn't let her think we suspect."

Then he waited a week before making his big effort, the effort which he hoped would render him once more the sole masculine inhabitant of his home.

He chose a time when his wife was out, and asked, " Can I have a chat with you, Nock ? "

" Sure you can, old man ! " said Mr. Nock, genially.

Mr. Shedden sat down and looked solemn. " It's not easy to say what I have to say. But I have to do my duty. I don't wish to be admonished by the coroner.

" What on earth are you talking about ? " Mr. Nock wanted to know.

" This ! " exclaimed Mr. Shedden, dramatically, and he whipped out from behind him a tin which he had discovered on the top shelf of the garage.

Mr. Nock examined it. " Rat poison."

" Yes. I hate to say this. It sounds so disloyal. But—— I saw my wife about to put some of it in your food."

" But——" Mr. Nock, about to say something, changed his mind, and asked, instead, " Why should Mrs. Shedden want to poison me ? She has always seemed—well, partial to me."

Mr. Shedden gave a hollow laugh. " No doubt you have heard the well-known lines, beginning, ' Heaven has no rage like love to hatred turned, Nor hell a fury——' Perhaps you scorned her."

Mr. Nock looked alarmed. " Surely you are not suggesting that she expects me to—ah, flirt with her ? "

Mr. Shedden shook his head sadly. " I'm not suggesting anything. I'm only telling you you're in danger."

There, he thought, triumphantly, if that won't get you out, nothing will ! He expected Mr. Nock to rush up and pack his bags, but he stayed there, in the only really comfortable chair, smoking thoughtfully, and next morning he was at breakfast as usual.

Mrs. Shedden was quiet, as if something were on her mind, and at last she said, " Will, I've telephoned the office to say you

won't be there to-day."

Mr. Shedden stared at her. "Have you gone crazy?"

"No, but the doctor will be here soon to see you."

"The doctor! To see *me*! What is all this about?"

"Now don't get excited."

"Excited!" shouted Mr. Shedden. "Why shouldn't I get excited? You take the liberty of ringing up the office to say I'm not going to work. You send for the doctor, when I've never felt better in my life. Good heavens, woman——"

"Please don't be violent!"

"I am going to the office," declared Mr. Shedden, getting up.

"No, you're not," said Mr. Nock, quietly. "Sorry, old chap, but I shall detain you, by physical force if necessary."

Mr. Shedden fumed and raved, but he could do nothing except sit down again and wait until the others came to their senses.

But they didn't. The doctor arrived instead, and proceeded to examine Mr. Shedden.

"There's nothing wrong with me," insisted Mr. Shedden, who began to feel as if he were living in a nightmare.

"No, nothing that can't be mended," the doctor soothed. "Overwork, no doubt. Insufficient nourishing food. Your nerves are in a bad state."

Mr. Shedden groaned. "Someone's mad. If you're not, I must be."

"Now, now! Banish such unhealthy thoughts. We don't want you with a complete nervous breakdown. . . . That's all, thank you. If you'll excuse me, I want a word with your wife."

After a few minutes Mr. Nock came into the room. Mr. Shedden almost flew at him, but remembered in time that Nock had about three stone in hand.

"This is your doing, you serpent!" he hissed.

"Don't be ungrateful!" said Mr. Nock in a hurt voice. "I've done you a good turn. You're not going to be shut up in the crazy house. The doctor is now signing a certificate for you to have a month's holiday with pay."

"And what is supposed to be the matter with me?"

"What the doctor said. Nerves. Hallucinations. A touch of persecution-mania. Imagining you are getting a raw deal. Imagining people are going round poisoning people."

"I see. Instead of my turning you out, *you* are turning *me* out."

"Not at all. I am your best friend. When you produced the rat poison I realised how desperate you were. So I thought it would be a good idea to give your old woman a fright. Don't worry! She won't starve you again."

"With you here, she'll have to."

"I shan't be here long. I'm getting married. Silly, isn't it?"

"But what," asked Mr. Shedden, "made you see through my little trick? Didn't you think Roseannah was capable of poisoning you?"

"Women are capable of anything," laughed Mr. Nock. "But I am more observant than you are. On the tin of rat poison it said, 'Not injurious to humans and domestic animals.'"

Carmen D'Antonio is undoubtedly an exotic dancer and a credit to her native land, but as we have never witnessed her performance we may be forgiven for asking why the chains and nets, etc.

Adele Mara makes a beautiful photograph and can afford to do with very light accoutrement, in fact, it might be carried in a pillbox. The bathing tent folds up like an umbrella.

Jane and Marion Callahan peel themselves quite daringly while inviting the sun to do its best and worst. The Censor finds appeasement in their dance prop umbrellas judiciously placed to give a maximum of protection.

The preceding double-page picture provides a delightful Swiss mountain setting for Gretchen's astounding leaps on the ice, as does also the " splits " seen above.

BALLET DANCING ON THE ICE AT ST. MORITZ

In her efforts to win three world championships, Gretchen van Merrill has given amazing displays at St. Moritz. A ballet dancer has nothing on Gretchen as she leaps from the ice into mid-air with a score of different postures of arms and legs, returning with bird-like simplicity to her skate-shod feet and instantaneous resumption of almost bewildering figure skating as seen below.

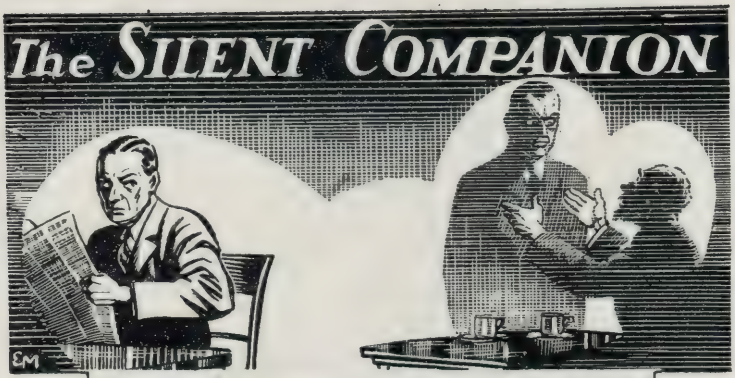
(Continued at foot of fourth page of this Supplement.

Glamorous Grable in the bathing pool at Betty Grable's Hollywood home is very attractive—but it becomes doubly so when lovely Betty graces it with her appearance in a white nylon bathing outfit—as she does here.

Beach Accessories : Blonde Dolores Gray and brunette Josephine Hipple are a pleasing combination on any sandy shore, especially when wearing that, "What are the wild waves saying" look.

Christin at the Wicket : Lovely Linda Christin set for a startling drive, while shapely Gloria Graham is ready for anything that may happen, with her knees as wicket. Both girls have scored in M.G.M. films.

The SILENT COMPANION



By ROSEMARY TIMPERLEY

IT was not the old man who gave me such a strange shiver down my spine—it was his companion—a silent, ominous companion, who made the old man's voice craven behind its defiance.

I had been deep in my paper when they came in and had been unaware of their presence until I was startled by the old man's voice at the table behind me. He said :—

" You tried again last night, didn't you ? I heard you come into my room and turn on the gas-tap. But I was not asleep. I got out of bed when you had gone and turned it off again."

There was a silence. I could feel the cold immobility of the other person.

The flicker of defiance had been extinguished from the old man's voice when he added hoarsely :—

" It was the third time. One night you will do it and I shall not—wake up."

" Two coffees as usual ? " came the waitress's cheerful tones.

She received no reply, but this did not disconcert her—perhaps she was accustomed to customers' strange ways. I saw her jaunt off towards the serving hatch, noted the youthful sway of her hips, the crisp black of her hair. My mind wandered pleasantly, but was dragged back to fear by the old man's voice again :—

" I never really thought you would kill for money. I knew you loved it—even when we were children you would bully little boys and force them to give you pennies ; but I never dreamed you would kill for it. I was unlucky to be born the elder brother and to inherit our father's money. But what can I do about it now ? "

The other made no response, but his silence was so sinister that I saw the nerve goose-flesh spring out on my wrists and felt my cheeks chill.

I became tense with desire—the desire to turn round—to turn my head right round and survey the old man and his silent companion.

Fear prevented me. Fear that, if I turned, my eyes should be caught by others, incredibly cold, evil, sadistic. I shrank from that visual contact, shrank from seeing the old man who cowered there.

Meanwhile the old man's shaking voice continued :—

" The horrible nights are taking toll of me now. What are you planning for the first night I sleep ? Do you remember the nights we slept in the same room when we were young, the pretty shadowed bedroom, where we slept soundly, and even—liked each other a little ? I always liked you and admired you—have you no tender regard at all for our old brotherly comradeship ? Has your lust for lucre supplanted all else in your heart ? " He paused, then adopted an ingratiating tone : " You are so great, so strong ; am I even worth brushing aside from your path, I in my weakness and my age ? I have never begged for peace from you before—I am begging now—for old times' sake—for the sake of our dead parents and our lost childhood—— "

He broke off into mumbling. The other made no response, but, as the old man's cravenness increased, his relentless personality seemed to vibrate waves of hate indomitable, so I found myself shivering with terror, almost identifying myself with the fear-crazed one.

The waitress came with the coffee. She passed me, and I heard her clink the cups on the table behind me.

She could not drag her eyes away.

" Two coffees, one ' with ' and one ' without,' " she declared. I marvelled at her serenity as she served the queer couple. How insensitive to atmosphere she must be—callous, too, not to be moved by the old man's plight.

Nobody thanked her.

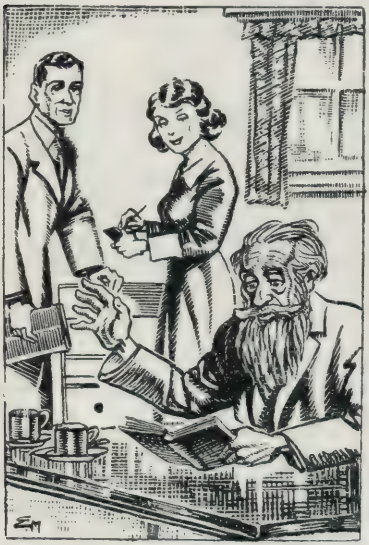
" Lovely warm day," she remarked conversationally as she moved away.

The old man's muttering ceased.

" Very nice and warm," he quavered, and sweetness was there, as if it relieved his state even to see the pretty ordinary young woman and make a conventional remark to her.

Warm ? I was so cold that

sweat felt icy on my upper lip. I noted with surprise hot sunlight burning the cutlery on the table and catching fire in the silver cruet. I remembered with an effort that it was summer, Sunday morning in a café, church bells ringing, " God in his heaven, all right with the world."



The old man's lips were still moving as he scanned the pages before him.

The old man's voice began again :—

" Mercy, brother, mercy—mercy—mercy—— "

I couldn't stand it ! I must look round—I must—my longing and repulsion were so strong I felt the silent companion must be aware of them, must be sneering at me, too, with the cold twisted lips of him and the cold twisted heart.

Then a woman came into the café. She was prim and middle-aged. She sat facing me at a nearby table. She fiddled with the white frill at her neck and the lacy edge of her glove.

I envied her because she could watch the couple behind me without having to turn round.

She did watch, too. Once she had fixed their table with a curious stare, she could not drag her eyes away—shocked, scared eyes, surprisingly visible behind rimless glasses.

The waitress came to her. The woman whispered in her ear.

The waitress replied cheerfully :—

" That's all right—I know 'im —'e's a regular customer of a Sunday."

The prim woman muttered something about " getting on her nerves."

The waitress bridled :—

" There's no call to say that, he's a very nice gentleman—always polite and ready with 'is tips." She turned to me : " Your bill, sir ? "

I rose and, with seeming casualness, looked round.

The old man, wild white hair, beard and moustache giving him a fantastic King Lear appearance, was just pushing aside an empty cup and pulling a full one towards him.

" A very nice gentleman," said the kindly waitress to me, as she tore off my bill. " Quite harmless—likes his thrillers ! "

The old man's lips were still moving as his eyes avidly scanned the pages of a book before him.

And the silent companion ?

The old man was—alone.

YOU CAN'T TAKE IT WITH YOU

EVEN on their death beds, misers rarely give up the quest for money. Thomas Pitt, of Warwick, even interviewed several undertakers when he was dying and bought his coffin from the man who quoted the lowest price. Edward Nokes, of Hornchurch, was greedier still. He not only bought the cheapest coffin he could find but made another saving by ordering the undertaker to use rope instead of screws to keep the lid in place!

But though many skinflints have wanted to take their money with them none ever thought of leaving his wealth to himself, a device tried by John Bowman, an American, convinced that he would reappear on earth, bequeathed all his estate to himself but, so far, has not returned!

John Overs, the wealthy London miser who amassed his fortune by running a ferry over the Thames before London Bridge was built, shammed death to see if his servants would regret his death. To his horror, as he uttered a sham death-rattle, his servants were dancing with glee. As Overs forced his way into the room one man took him for a ghost and clubbed him with an oar and killed him. Southwark Cathedral was built from the money he left.

But surely the events that followed the funeral of Alexander Kavadapoulos, of Belgrade, are among the most amazing of their kind. He was taken ill and then certified dead. As the funeral approached the cemetery, however, he revived and jumped out of his coffin. Later a perplexed undertaker presented his bill and Alexander was so incensed at having to pay that he had to be sued!

A Soho Story

By N. WESLEY FIRTH

"HOW about that story you threatened me with, Nick ?"

"Story——?"

"The one you promised to tell me when you weren't quite so busy."

Nick the Greek glanced round his tiny restaurant. Outside could be seen a typical Soho thoroughfare, and moving fast in the white, snowy night a thousand types, hurriedly heading for some destination known only to themselves.

Nick, as usual, was in shirt sleeves, long white apron. His moustache was as elaborately curled and twirled as ever, his rather oily complexion above it was glistening with sweat in the bright electric light which beat down on to the white topped tables.

"It is a story of Soho," he began, carefully selecting his words. "And it is only typical of many—very many such."

"It started in a tiny restaurant in Soho, a place not unlike mine here. I worked there at the time I speak of, but you must not mention me in your story . . .

"This restaurant of which I tell you was enjoying, at that time, a phase of popularity with the smart set. The cooking was far above any other in London, and there was a singer of naughty songs, a woman, whom the management had brought from New York at a tremendous salary. This, my friend, happened more than twenty years ago.

"Amongst the socialites who came to dine and listen and lead their vain and foolish lives, was a certain young man, who would one day be a Duke in his own right. He was the idol of his friends, and with it all he was of a pleasant disposition. Always he spoke kindly to me, and to the other employees of the place.

"He was chased, I think, by half the women in Mayfair. And yet he had no use for them, unlike his friends, who were a bunch of worthless young puppies.

"He had no use for them because—he already was engaged. And to the most beautiful, intelligent, purest woman London has ever known !

"Attending their table one night, was a young waiter, a foreigner, with dark, crinkly hair, and flashing eyes. He was bold, and his looks were such as drove women crazy. His life had not been blameless. He was but twenty-five, and yet had known more women than he had lived years. And his gaze rested upon—the lady who was engaged to the man I have mentioned.

"Her eyes met his ; and something happened in that place—

something which was inexplicable to her and to him alike. Without words they knew—knew that they must *meet*—soon! It was written."

He paused, and his eyes were misty as he stared into the past.

Nick, as usual, was in shirt sleeves and white apron.

Then he continued :—

"Perhaps the waiter would have made no move—had not the woman shown any interest. But—as he left the restaurant late that night, from a taxi which was standing beside the kerb at the front, came a cool, soft voice. It called to him : 'Sir—a moment.'

"He turned aside to the cab, and within, buried in furs, he saw—*her*! Her face was eager, her eyes appealed to him. One tiny hand was nervously clutching the bag on her lap.

He kicked the snow from his shoes, stepped into the cab. He told the driver to run round the Park.

"They spoke ; they spoke of his childhood, her childhood, his ambitions. They laughed ; they laughed with sheer happiness at nothing at all, at any banal, fatuous remark, for they were so enraptured with each other. And then they kissed——

"And he gave the driver fresh instructions, so that they were whisked swiftly and safely to the place where he had rooms, and there she stayed whilst the snow fell thicker and more fiercely, and the clock hands crept on beyond midnight, and the dawn stole quietly in at the snow bound window, anxious not to awake the two sleeping figures, trustingly clasping hands . . .

"It was very beautiful."

He stopped and carefully wiped up a soup stain with the corner of his apron. Then, being an emotional character, he dabbed a furtive speck of moisture from his right cheek.

"Of course, there was only one answer. The woman gave up everything, married him, and left her old life behind. Her parents were enraged, her fiancee took it like the decent man he was. The waiter realised what she had given up for him—

and he determined to make that up to her! He could not give her position and highborn friends—but he could give her wealth!

"He worked hard, saved, scraped, and eventually bought his own restaurant. Now, he considered, everything would be fine. Now she could have some of those things she deserved.

"But it was not that easy. Hard times came—so hard that she realised his position, and insisted on helping him. He dismissed one of his employees, and his wife took her place.

"It was a place as washer-up!

"He hated this, but she preferred it. She could not nerve herself to become either cashier or waitress; the idea of people who might recognise her seeing her at such a task, upset her. She could not cook, and so, the only place she would fit in was in the kitchen, out of sight of customers—as—washer-up!

"The years came and went, and always the husband hoped things would change; always he hoped he would become successful enough to give her that which she deserved. He watched her hands become rough and calloused, red and chapped. He saw the lines deepening in that face that had once been so beautiful. His heart almost broke—yet what could he do? The place was even then only just paying its way.

"Together they grew old; and from opening time to closing time she worked, back in the kitchen, washing dishes, eternally washing.

"She did not complain; and yet he knew that her spirit was broken, that *she* was broken, and that much as she loved him she regretted marrying him——

She turned again and went on with the washing up.

"And one night he saw her former lover, and his wife, dressed in satin, furs and pearls, on their way to a Court reception! And he knew, terribly, just what he had deprived her of. He knew, when he told her what he had seen, by the agonised look in her eyes. And still she did not recriminate him! —still she worked on!"

He sniffed loudly. He seemed

lost in his thoughts. Seemed to have forgotten I was there at all.

At length I said: "But the ending, Nick? I need an ending."

He looked at me. He said: "It was ended for her when she married; even before that. It was ended for her that night her eyes caught his. Apart from that there is no ending. . . ."

"But how the devil can I *finish* it?" I pleaded.

He got up slowly. Took my arm. Led me through to the kitchen.

There was a long sink, a running board piled with dishes, greasy, smelly dishes. There was a woman — grey-haired, with lines of care in her face, with rough, reddened hands, common, capable hands.

But her lined face—that was a face that *had* been beautiful. A face that *had* been noble and kind and pure.

She turned, saw us. She said: "Hello, dear. Busy?"

He shook his head. There was a tear standing in each eye.

She turned again, went on with the washing up, working like an automaton, or like a woman who had done this ritual for 20 years.

Nick led me outside. He said: "You see? If you want an ending—you can finish it *there*?

MEN CAN FLY LIKE BIRDS

Without Engines or aeroplanes . . .

By SAMUEL NAPIER

A HOUSEWIFE sitting in a tiny Canadian mining settlement posed to herself the question of the ages, "Why can't men fly like birds?" Unlike all the others who have asked the question and tried to find the answer without success, she to-day can fly with wings just like a bird.

Ever since the ancients sat watching the birds men wanted to fly. In all man's attempts to wrest from nature the secret of flight, he studied the birds.

History records with painful monotony the fate of men who sought to ape the birds only to fall to earth again lucky to escape with their lives.

One story tells of the man who thought he had found the secret when, with his wings of wax, he tried to soar into the heavens. The wax melted and he crashed to his death.

Just as people have been wondering about this since men and women and birds were created, so Mrs. Anne Golden, a

Friends are accustomed to having her come to roost in one of their yards.

thirty-three-year-old housewife, wondered too. But before she had finished she found the secret of self-propelled flight.

To-day, she is the first human being to fly without the aid of aeroplane or any type of engine.

With the wings that she has perfected this woman can ape the birds in flight. With a wriggle of her wrists she becomes airborne and flies away on her wonderful wings, which cost her little more than £1 to make.

Taking up the study of flight after watching the birds, Mrs. Golden spent two years in studying the problem she had set herself.

For two years she planned and tinkered with parachute silk and plastics. Designing and re-designing her wings she was eventually satisfied and climbed up 12 feet from the ground to take off. This, by the way, is still her difficulty. She cannot rise up from the ground.

On the first occasion she stayed in the air almost two minutes behaving herself like a bird. Having succeeded in conquering the problem of free flight with an air-filled jacket she now plans to use gas and obtain better results.

Further tests with her wings have made her believe that with the help of gas she could stay in

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the air until she tired. She has already successfully visited neighbours on her wings.

This flying housewife steps off into space about 30 feet up and glides across the streets of the town to visit her friends. They are becoming quite accustomed to having her come to roost on their roofs or walls, or ending a flight in one of their yards. In spite of her many flights this birdwoman has never yet been injured in landing, although occasionally she makes a rough landing.

Secret of the wings is being withheld. Once further tests prove them they can be made by anyone if the secret of their construction is known. It can be revealed, however, that in the future birdmen and birdwomen will have to have their wings made to measure. Stores will probably supply them or will have a tailor on hand to do the job. Yet there must be a fortune in royalties for this woman when she decides to permit manufacture under patent rights and licences.

It is known that Mrs. Golden worked out the details of the wings on a mathematical basis, building the wings to stand the stress of her weight to the pound; for as in aircraft the weight of the load governs the span of the wings.

The wings being used by the birdwoman at the moment are as long as she is tall, and are made of silk braced with aluminium wires. She intends to test out nylon in place of the silk soon. Between the legs of the silk trousers she wears is stretched two sheets of light plastic materials. These are essential to maintain buoyancy and for navigation purposes.

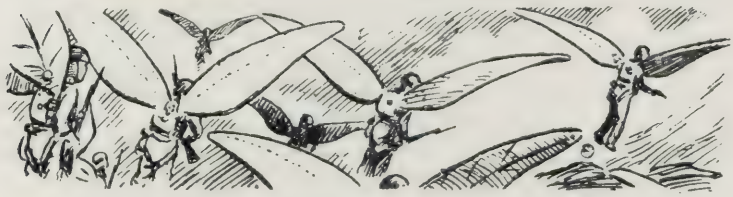
Only other known details are that the wings contain special built-in pockets which when expanded create vacuums.

Generally speaking the whole of the birdman outfit is planned upon that used by birds.

There are many things in favour of these wings becoming extremely popular. They are extremely handy for short distances, saving time and also money. They are cheap to manufacture, and consequently will sell cheaply. As experiments have already proved, there is little or no danger in using them.

They are not meant to replace the aeroplane, for no human being could keep going on a long flight as the arms would tire, nor could a human travel so quickly.

It may well be, however, that these wings will make a nation of birdmen. Perhaps World War Three, if it comes, will see armies of birdmen landing behind enemy lines instead of parachutists.



Only one strap this year : Hazel Smith of Georgia looks quite chic in a new one-strap lastex swim suit. This new style is an interesting compromise between the two-strap and the no-strap-at-all.

Virginia Mayo takes rest on her own deck. Virginia relaxes after completing a leading part in "Wonder Man", a Technicolor comedy starring Danny Kaye. Shortly she will take a similar part in "The Kid from Brooklyn", Kaye's next picture.

SHOCK!

By BERNARD and WILLIAM BOTTING

ROLAND let his gaze wander to the clock ticking away on the bedside table. It was two minutes past eight o'clock and the wintry morning spread its chill light across the room. He passed his hand lightly across his forehead and looked down at the body of the woman at his feet. The small stool with which he had struck her lay on its back, two of the carved legs draped significantly with the trailing counterpane from the bed.

She wasn't dead, but during those last few minutes since his wife had dropped with a strangled cry, a plan had been fermenting in his muddled brain. A chance that he had prayed for for so long. To be free. Free to take Margaret away. Hadn't it been Margaret that had always urged him to break with Elizabeth? Yes, Elizabeth alive was a bar to everything.

He stepped over her body and entered the bathroom. Leaning over the bath he turned on the two taps, then, returning to the bedroom he knelt beside his wife. Carefully he raised her on to the bed and gently removed her dressing gown and night-dress. Quickly he carried her into the gathering steam of the bathroom and lowered her into the water. Making sure her legs were submerged he laid her across the end of the bath, letting her head hang down on a level with the corner of the hand basin adjoining. An electric fire he placed under the hand basin, then laid her drooping hand on the element with the fingers touching the contact point. Now all was ready. He switched on the fire . . .

Downstairs, he paced restlessly from room to room. He started as a clock struck half-past eight. Getting jumpy. Ceasing his pacing, he started, listening intently. He seemed to hear someone or something moving. Even the sound of his own breathing seemed ominous and evil. His chest felt tight and restricted. He couldn't stand it. He must get away, anywhere, out of this house and away. Then suddenly —the time was up. He picked up the telephone . . .

When the doctor arrived he was on the step to meet him. As he came through the gate he stared. This was not the Doctor. Not Doctor Rivers. The stranger spoke :—

" Mr. Davenport ? "

Roland nodded quickly.

" My name is Cleveland. Doctor Rivers is ill at the moment. I'm assisting him for a short while."

" Oh, I see." Relief surged through Roland. " Well, thank goodness you've come. I 'phoned as soon as I found her. You seem to have been hours. I was speaking to her only a short while ago and now she's—she's——"

The doctor patted his shoulder as he paused.

" All right, old chap," he said. " Where is she ? "

" Upstairs. In the bathroom. I haven't moved anything, doctor, only switched the fire off."

Together the two men began to mount the stairs. Roland rapidly reviewed the events of the last hour. Had he forgotten anything ? Surely it would be obvious how she had died ? Moving the electric fire, a shock, and she struck her head as she fell. The shattered door had been a stroke of genius. Locking it from the outside, forcing it open with his shoulder, then putting the key in the lock on the inside. Everything was going perfectly. He had made no mistakes. Still, he must be careful. Mustn't rouse any suspicion by seeing Margaret too soon.

They had reached the bathroom door and the doctor entered first. He stood for a moment staring into the room then turned towards Roland. " Just as I thought," he murmured, " the place is empty."

Roland rushed into the room. It was empty. He stared about him bewildered. " Doctor, this is ridiculous," he expostulated, " is this some kind of joke ? Why, I turned the radiator off myself then rushed straight downstairs to telephone for you. What are you trying to get at Doctor Cleveland ? "

The other smiled. " Not Doctor Cleveland," he rasped, " shall we say Inspector Cleveland ? Your clever little scheme

He turned on the two taps.

" The place is empty. "

seems to have fallen through doesn't it ? Possibly you would have got away with it if you hadn't been over confident."

Roland's face paled. " You must be mad," he gasped. " I haven't done a thing. You haven't any proof of anything. There's—there's not even a body." His voice broke off in an hysterical sob.

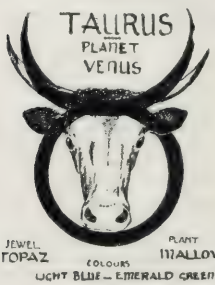
" There might well have been," replied the Inspector ; " but, you see, your wife recovered consciousness. She dressed herself and slipped out of the back door. Then, still feeling dizzy from the brutal blow you had given her, she went straight round to the doctor. It was while she was there having her wound attended to, that you decided to ring. Your message saying that the woman who was at that moment in his surgery, was also lying dead here, certainly seemed fishy. Consequently, Dr. Rivers contacted the police. Now I think I have obtained all the information I require to charge you with attempted murder."

" But," babbled Roland ; " but she was here. I swear it."

The Inspector interrupted. " What you don't understand, Davenport, is how your wife can possibly be alive. Well, I'll show you." He bent down, switched on the electric fire and the bars began to redden slowly. " There, nothing wrong with it, is there?"

Roland shook his head dumbly The Inspector shrugged his shoulders. " It's a strange world, Davenport," he said. " They say everything has its uses, but I never thought an electricity cut would stop a murder."

You and Your Stars



By
NINA
de
LUNA

THE SIGN TAURUS

APRIL 21st to MAY 21st

ALL people born between the above dates will have the sun in Taurus. The second sign of the Zodiac, and the negative sign of the planet Venus. It rules the neck and throat.

The good qualities of people born under this sign are broadly—strong endurance, persistent, determined, plodding and patient, tenacious of opinion, often fond of gardening, musical and artistic, especially musical. Taurus people usually have good voices. Strong physical magnetism (i.e., sex appeal).

Their failings are, an inclination to be dogmatic, bullheaded and stubborn. Frequently a very violent temper when roused, over indulgent in the appetites and pleasures.

Occupations of Taureans—mining (Taurus is an "earthy" sign), farming, grocers, bankers, brokers, artists (very often architects) and singers, magnetic leaders.

BIRTHDAYS, APRIL 21st to May 21st, 1947.

April 21st.—Have patience, make no changes. Guard health.

April 22nd.—Put business before pleasure, conserve resources.

April 23rd.—Happiness, fortunes varied, good and bad, guard against nervous strain.

April 24th.—Ups and downs show. Restrain erratic conduct. Make changes only after careful consideration.

April 25th.—Varied fortunes, concentrate on business, adopt new methods.

April 26th.—Beware of quarrels, watch health. Some good fortune.

April 27th.—Gain through inheritance, some happiness, but guard health.

April 28th.—Expedite all business, make changes, court and marry.

April 29th.—Moderately successful year. Watch expenditure.

April 30th.—Make no erratic changes, then affairs will prosper. Put your own plans into action.

May 1st.—Disappointment through friends. Good fortune realised. Adopt original methods in business.

May 2nd.—Love and/or domestic troubles, be discreet. Defer

courtship or marriage. Concentrate on business.

May 3rd.—Disappointing year. Make no changes. An unexpected benefit will come.

May 4th.—Delays and disappointments. Do not commence new undertakings, neither court nor marry.

May 5th.—Increased finances. Success in military or naval matters. Good and ill fortune.

May 6th.—Be tactful in dealing with women. Business better signified than pleasure.

May 7th.—Business makes headway. Avoid impulsive changes.

May 8th.—Progress will be made, anxiety in love and domestic matters.

May 9th.—Quiet year, some good fortune, go ahead with business.

May 10th.—Guard against disputes with women. Push ahead with business results, will be satisfactory.

May 11th.—Beware of unwise investment. Aid comes from an unexpected source.

May 12th.—Exercise care in business and correspondence. Defer changes and travel. Unexpected benefits.

May 13th.—Mixed year. Success through marital or uncommon activities. Do not lend or borrow.

May 14th.—Some good fortune, make no changes.

May 15th.—Varied fortunes. Watch financial matters and do not be too trusting.

May 16th.—Difficult year. Be cautious and watchful in all your affairs.

May 17th.—Unexpected pleasant surprise. Guard health and avoid law.

May 18th.—Beware of violent quarrels. Neither court, marry, nor make changes.

May 19th. Defer love and marriage, beware of litigation and extravagance. Do not speculate.

May 20th.—Gain comes your way. Go ahead with business. Beware of sudden quarrels.

May 21st.—Moderate success. Business more fortunate than social activities. Avoid dissension.

GEMINI

May 22nd to June 21st

Characteristics of those born between May 22nd and June 21st of any year.

Good qualities.—Highly sensitive, quick perception, analytical, intellectual, versatile, kind, flexible, humane, scientific, inventive, active, fond of learning commercial pursuits and travelling.

Negative qualities.—Lack of concentration, a scattering of forces, nervous and changeable, apprehensive, impulsive, inconstant.

Occupations of Gemini people.—Literature (journalism), the Law, printers, book keepers, commercial travellers.

BIRTHDAY FORECASTS FOR 1947

May 22nd.—New avenues in business utilise to the utmost. Excellent for advertising, travel, etc.

May 23rd.—Concentrate on business expansion rather than domestic affairs. Intellectual pursuits fortunate.

May 24th.—Business prospers. Travel is shown. Adopt new and original methods in business.

May 25th.—Business and travel propitious. Deal tactfully with women. Loss or separation is shown.

May 26th.—Gain in many ways. Unexpectedly and in unique circumstances. Guard against unwise love affairs.

May 27th.—A mixed year. Financial benefits and successful endeavour. Avoid over strain.

May 28th. — Progressive year. Finances improve. Guard the health.

May 29th.—A good year. Gain through elders shown. Help from those in authority. New projects succeed.

May 30th.—A year of pleasant surprises. Good fortune, journeys. Disappointment in love or social activities.

May 31st.—Deal tactfully with the opposite sex. Use tact and discretion in all things. Some gain is possible.

June 1st. — Avoid extravagance. Stick closely to business. Avoid exotic friendships.

June 2nd.—An even year. Make the most of the opportunities that present themselves. Watch expenditure.

June 3rd.—Good fortune. Secret matters well signified. Occult and intellectual subjects fortunate.

June 4th.—Make no sudden changes. Watch expenditure. Guard against excessive pleasures.

June 5th.—Great care needed. Affairs stagnate. Patience needed and great care. Guard against wrong decisions.

June 6th.—Happiness and good fortune go ahead in all things. Court and marry.

June 7th.—Unexpected delays and frustrations. Watch health. Cultivate determination and optimism.

June 8th.—Satisfactory progress. Health improves. Go ahead with business, ask favours. Curb expenditure on pleasure and friends.

June 9th.—Unexpected gains. Ultra-modern concerns well signified.

June 10th.—Conflicting year. Success through advertising and travel, dealings with the public. Losses through law, extravagance and women.

June 11th.—Beneficial changes. Successful journeys and business expansion.

June 12th.—Opportunities for financial success. Seize and exploit to the full. Court and marry. Travel and make changes.

June 13th.—Mainly depends on your own initiative. Favourable for business Go ahead.

June 14th.—Good fortune. Translate plans into action. Success assured. Long journeys are probable.

June 15th.—Benefit in many ways. Business expands. Elders help and hinder.

June 16th.—Good and ill fortune. Beware of quarrels. Be circumspect with the opposite sex. Elders helpful.

June 17th.—Elderly women well disposed. Business progresses. Changes and journeys fortunate. Court and marry.

June 18th.—Sudden and unexpected changes will prove beneficial. Travel, deal with the public.

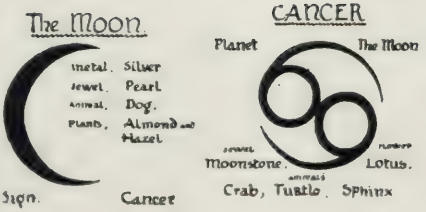
June 19th.—Affairs prosper. Keep the feelings and emotions under control.

June 20th.—Good fortune, happiness and much travel. Court and marry. Go ahead with business.

June 21st.—Favourable year. Go ahead with all things. Court and marry. Elders render valuable aid.

CANCER

June 22nd to July 23rd.



Characteristics of those born between June 22nd and July 23rd of any year.

Good qualities.—A retiring, discreet, yet independant nature. Hypersensitive, imaginative, fond of antiques, curios, proud of family and usually greatly influenced by family ties, strong maternal attributes, very psychic and impressionable.

Negative qualities.—Inactive and indolent, penurius, peevish and fretful, superstitious, timid, emotional and subject to imaginary ills.

Occupations suitable for cancer subjects are, writers, the drama, hotel keepers or caterers, researchers, mediums and public callings.

BIRTHDAY FORECASTS FOR 1947.

June 22nd.—Avoid overstrain, otherwise a happy and prosperous year.

June 23rd.—A good year, go ahead with all things.

June 24th.—Make no sudden changes. Guard health. Moderately good year.

June 25th.—A successful year, but guard against deception in love or friendship.

June 26th.—New friendships will be made and business will prosper.

June 27th.—Good progress will be made. Sense of emotional frustration is likely. Work the best cure.

June 28th.—Your own endeavours bring success. Disappointments in love.

June 29th.—Patience, tolerence

and discretion in all things, especially in domestic affairs.

June 30*th.*—Business success, beneficial changes and travel. Disappointments in love.

July 1*st.*—A difficult year. Caution in all things, guard health.

July 2*nd.*—A quiet steady year, progress will be made, be watchful of deceptions.

July 3*rd.*—Guard against deception in business and love, productive of some success.

July 4*th.*—Go ahead with your affairs, make changes. Travel. Successful year.

July 5*th.*—Exceptionally good year. Financial gain.

July 6*th.*—Prosperous year, but conserve some of your gains. Unusual concerns fortunate.

July 7*th.*—Happy successful year, despite minor disputes. Substantial gains, probably inheritance.

July 8*th.*—Excellent year. Success, happiness, finances improve beyond expectations. Court and marry.

July 9*th.*—Financial position improves, make no sudden changes. Concentrate on business expansion.

July 10*th.*—Good year apart from emotional disappointments.

July 11*th.*—Gain through unexpected and widely different ways, go ahead.

July 12*th.*—Finances increase, but illness or defection of some loved one may cause disappointment.

July 13*th.*—Avoid extravagance, guard against deception. Outstanding good fortune.

July 14*th.*—Finances improve, new friendship will be formed. Guard against self-deception.

July 15*th.*—Expand business interests, an event of unusual character, not necessarily unfortunate.

July 16*th.*—Successful and happy year. Guard against deception.

July 17*th.*—Exceptional good fortune, happiness and much convivialty. An important year.

July 18*th.*—Increased finances. Domestic harmony, pleasant friendships.

July 19*th.*—Happiness and much good fortune, watch expenditure.

July 20*th.*—Expand business. Successful year. Travel and make changes.

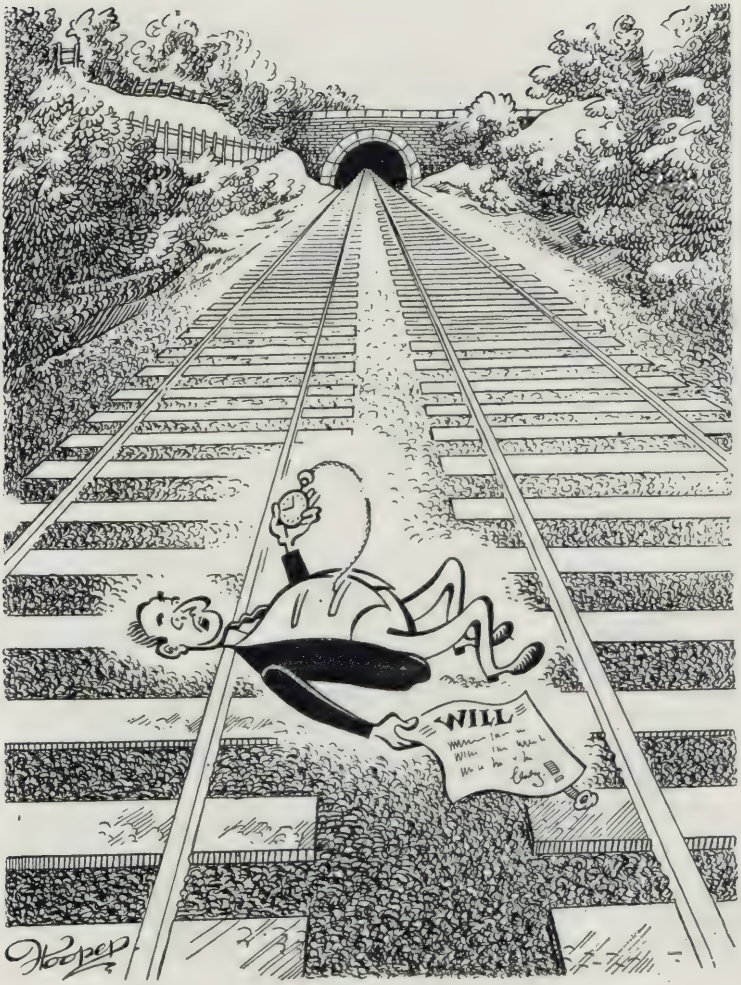
July 21*st.*—Much gain in many ways. Happy year. Travel and changes beneficial.

July 22*nd.*—Prosperous year. Some promotion shown. Push affairs to the utmost.

July 23*rd.*—Good fortune and happiness, push all affairs. Start new business ventures.

"Hey! Mister, someone's pinched yer car."

" But it's quite simple, Darling! All I said was, 'forget I told you that I didn't mean to reconsider my decision not to change my mind!' ".



"First time in my life that I've known the seven-thirty late!"

LONDON LIFE BRAINS TRUST

Questions should be as brief as possible, and the sender's name and address must be included, although only initials or a nom de plume will be published. Envelopes should be addressed to "LONDON LIFE," 31, Craven Street, Strand, W.C., and marked Brains Trust in the top left-hand corner.

HAS JANE GREER AN ACTOR BROTHER ?

"*Screen Fan*" *of Birmingham wants to know if Jane Greer, the film actress, has a brother also in films, and if so could we publish a photograph of him.*"

ANSWER.—Jane *has* an actor brother, his name is Donne Greer, and he has returned to Hollywood after two and a half years in the American Navy where he served in Pacific waters. Here you see Donne surrounded by harem beauties from the film "Sinbad," and Jane, whom you see seated to the left of Donne, is actually his twin sister. We regret that we cannot tell you where to get autographed copies of film star photographs. This office certainly does not supply them. Nor can we reply to any queries sent in accompanied with a stamped addressed envelope. All our replies appear in this column only.

THE GODDESS KUAN YING

"I saw a film recently which had to do with the attributes of a Chinese goddess named Kuan Ying. The film was called 'Three Strangers.' I would like to know more about Kuan Ying, please," writes Mr. G. Goring.

ANSWER.—Before that particular film was made the attributes and

appearance of the goddess Kuan Ying occupied the best brains of Warner Bros.' studio for months. No replica of the goddess existed, and one had to be made after research in literary and artistic archives. Kuan Ying was worshipped in only one region of China, as the goddess of plenty. In our still you see Sidney Greenstreet and Geraldine Fitzgerald grouped round the statue, which was made entirely in Hollywood.

A BEAUTIFUL BABY VERSUS A BEAUTIFUL DOG

"I am convinced that the vast majority of women who slobber over dogs and sentimentalise them in sickly fashion are actually substituting love of a dog for love of a child. Many women I know who have voluntarily remained childless just make themselves absurd over dogs. Isn't it time that somebody pointed out to them that they are only substituting one love for another?" asks Graham Merbody of Gloucester.

ANSWER.—In some cases, that might be a fact, but how then do you account for mothers of large families who also adore dogs? And what about the spinsters, who find a dog a great companion and friend? Not much good talking to them about "substitution" unless you also provide the husband. Dog worship can be nauseating, but dog loving is a very human trait. People can be equally nauseating about baby worship, believe it or not, but this is always excused. Still, it can be carried to excess, and you see the results all around you in hopelessly spoiled children. Below you see 10 months old Christopher Wadlow, a lovely baby boy, making friends with "White Snooky," an enormous poodle owned by Mrs. D. Burger of Baker Street.

THE MADNESS OF WOMEN

"*A friend of mine who lives in Paris writes to say that women are now taking out dogs to match their dresses. I find this hard to believe,*" *writes Mr. Alfred Mann, of Westchester.* "*Can Brains Trust tell me if indeed women have sunk to this absurd level?*"

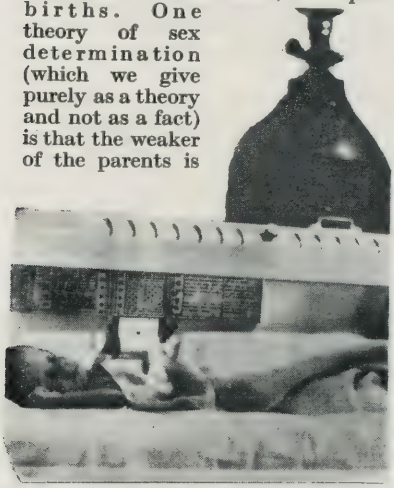
ANSWER.—Our photograph shows a contest called "Beauty and the Beast," which was held at a Champs Elysees night club recently. Here you see a smart Parisienne with her dogs, specially chosen and dressed to harmonise with their ensembles! Before the war Paris had a craze for "A Smart Lady and her Car," but these days, with flash cars almost unobtainable, the Parisian dress designers have introduced the thoroughbred dog, which appears with each mannequin suitably chosen and dressed at their Dress Shows. On the whole we think it is just a coutouriers novelty, and not a lasting craze, since Madame would have to have at least half a dozen thoroughbred dogs to match each of her ensembles! Still, crazes, after a war, are many and varied, and this is good for the dog breeders, if for nothing else!

THE HUMAN BEING INCUBATED

"*I would like to see a photograph of the incubator in which the quads born to Mrs. Charles Henn, Junior, were kept,*" *writes* "*Mother,*" *who also asks:* "*Can Brains Trust explain the reason for so many multiple births? Are human beings becoming more fertile, and if so, what is the reason?*"

ANSWER.—Opposite you see one of the famous quads sleeping peacefully in his oxygenated incubator at the hospital. Three boys and a girl were born to this G.I. bride, but the parents say they will not touch a penny of the money earned by the babes for advertisement, but will put it in a trust fund for their youngsters. Now for the second part of your question. There are several reasons for multiple births. The primary one is that Nature, after a war, always seeks to replenish the human stock, and so added fertility is the result. Secondly, women are apt to become mothers more easily when their physical health is below par, and this for reasons so purely medical that we can't go into the matter

here. Shortage of food, the strain of war, and its many lowering accompaniments have resulted in an extra fertility among women, and this causes the increased birth rate, and in some cases, multiple births. One theory of sex determination (which we give purely as a theory and not as a fact) is that the weaker of the parents is

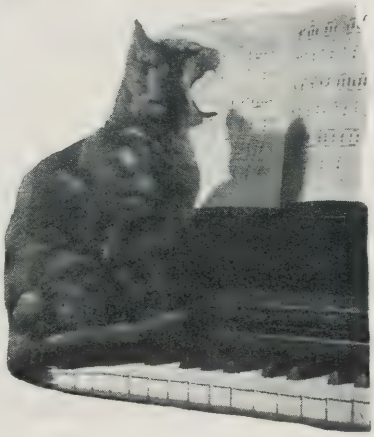


more inclined to reproduce himself or herself. A physically weakened wife is more likely to give birth to a baby girl, and *vice versa*. In the case of these quads it would seem, if that theory is true, that the toll taken of Mr. Henn's health during his war service gave him three sons, and the daughter was the wife's effort. It is a fascinating theory, but, of course, remains to be proved.

THE CAT VERSUS DOG ARGUMENT

Betty Anne Barker, of Maidenhead, writes to Brains Trust as follows: "People say that a dog is a better friend than a cat, but I agree with some correspondents to Brains Trust that a cat has every good instinct just waiting to be brought out, but its good points are not always so obvious as those of a dog. My cat goes with me everywhere, even to school, and when my baby brother fell over in the bath he might have drowned but for my cat 'Trixie' who went mewing to Mother and made her follow him to see baby. I would like to hear of other cats as intelligent."

ANSWER.—Below you see "Rusty," a six months old pet of Mr. George W. Gray. Rusty likes to sing to the piano, and really does her best to get a musical tone, though Rusty's neighbours complain of cats concerts during the daytime. Mr. Gray's family are all musical, and Rusty rehearses with them all. She has a great liking for human companionship, obedience, and a willingness to be trained in parlour tricks, and will always show off before visitors. Cats are extremely intelligent, though more independent minded than dogs, but they love a bit of fun. Where you find an unintelligent cat you will usually find dull owners. Animals reflect their owners to an amazing degree.



DO WOMEN FALL FOR THE BRUTE IN MAN?

"I have often noticed that films and plays in which a woman is brutally treated by a man seem to

give the girls a thrill. Does this mean that at heart all women are cave women, and fall for the strongest physical type, in preference to the more civilised mental type? Any film in which a man swipes a woman on the jaw seems to succeed. Why should this be?" asks Jeremy Harker, of Bow.

ANSWER.—There is always a certain type of woman who confuses brutality with masculinity. Accounts of them are in the police court news every day, but these, on the whole, are not sensitive, gently-bred women. Methods like these, on the whole, succeed with very few women, and so the maxim "A woman adores a brute" must be treated with reservation. The man who feels an urge to knock a woman about is only showing his inferiority, and the woman who takes such treatment without protest is doing a great deal of harm to her sex. Films, in their search for novelty, are apt to explore all human emotions, and some are far from being the highest. Brains Trust deplores the type of film in which a man is made to appear admirable for no other reason than that he clips a woman on the jaw. Lovers of spiced drama will no doubt relish the scene below from "Dick Tracy Vs. Cueball," an R.K.O. Radio film. Dick Wessel is apparently grappling easily with two hysterical women, Rita Corday and Anne Jeffreys.

ALL ABOUT SALLY RAND

"Can Brains Trust aver that fan dancing such as performed by the American Sally Rand is really ART, *and not just an inspiration to lewdity?" asks Mrs. G.M., who adds "I would like to know if Miss Rand's act has ever attracted the attention of the police, and also to see a picture of her fully clothed. My husband has seen her act, and says it is very artistic. I would like to be convinced."*

ANSWER.—There is no doubt

that her act is art of a very high order, and the fact that she does it naked save for a couple of fans only adds piquancy to it. Sally Rand has been a fan dancer performing the same routine for fifteen years, and in 1946 was arrested and booked into Lincoln Heights Jail on the charge of appearing in an indecent show. The Manager of the theatre, Howard R. Williams, appeared to give evidence for her. Above you see Miss Rand giving her side of the story to newspaper reporters . . . but it was proved that her show was art, and Miss Rand was let out on 500 dollars bail. She said characteristically " It cost me a lot of money to prove that what I do is art." We have only seen Sally's act in films, but in our opinion, it is art, and of a high, though modern, order.

BEAUTY IS NOT MERELY PHYSICAL

" *What, in Brains Trust opinion, constitutes a really beautiful woman?*" *asks Don Anselmo, of Plymouth, who adds* " *In my opinion, lovely hair, figure, and legs give it.*"

ANSWER.—Feminine beauty is fifty per cent. figure and face, and the other fifty per cent. charm. Beauty without charm palls, but charm without beauty never does. Some women are born with charm, and so they strike everybody as beautiful. They shed an illusion of beauty wherever they go. Charm is a matter of wide interests, good manners, and adaptability, or the will to please others, and it takes a great deal of intelligence to exercise it properly, whereas it takes none at all to exhibit physical beauty. True beauty is not a matter of the measuring tape and having perfect proportions. The loveliest face and

figure can have the divine spark missing, but where a woman has beauty and charm, she is beautiful indeed. Our photograph shows Elly Marshall, a showgirl who was unanimously selected by the judges as the "Copa" girl subject to her measurements being exact. The show was judged by Frank Sinatra.

GIRLS WHO DRESS PROVOCATIVELY

Mr. Benner, of Chisholm, writes "Our Church authorities are justifiably worried about the morals of our young people, but I think that they overlook one fact, and that is that the films, etc., influence young girls to dress in a provocative manner. After all, teen-age girls who are painted and powdered and high-heeled, have only themselves to blame if they are taken for what they are not by a certain type of man. In my opinion all young women should be compelled to dress quietly and in dark colours until after the age of 21. Does Brains Trust agree with me?"

ANSWER.—Brains Trust does not agree with any form of compulsion which interferes with the liberty of the individual. It is up to the parents to see that their daughters are decently garbed, and to forbid provocative clothing, which in many cases is only the young girl's idea of being smart. There are always a proportion of very young women whose ideas and morals leave much to be desired, but in the main we don't see much wrong with our young folk. They may imitate their favourite film stars and dress in a manner unbecoming to their years, but their heads are usually well screwed on. The problem of juvenile morals is first a case for the parents, then for the educational and Church authorities, and thirdly for the Juvenile Courts, if all instructive methods have failed. Our illustration is from the play "Pick-Up Girl," which deals with juvenile precocity.

A CURE FOR WEAK ANKLES

"My ankles have a tendency to give way and turn over," writes Mrs. Grayson. "My doctor says that they need strengthening. I have tried massage, and there has been a little improvement. Can Brains Trust give me any advice?"

ANSWER.—Go barefoot as often

as possible, but if indoors, wear heelless slippers. Do foot exercises which give the ankles plenty of work, such as rotating them in turn, while in a standing position, or point the toes before taking a slow, careful step, as you see Cyd Charisse doing in the photograph. Miss Charisse has been designated by the National Association of Chiropodists as "Queen of Foot Health". Formerly she was a ballet dancer, and says that weak ankles are the result of too little exercise and wearing the wrong types of footwear. If you have always worn high heels, go to the other extreme. You will feel awkward at first, but in time your foot muscles will accustom themselves to the different stance, and repay you in added strength and sureness of foot. Go for a walk each day, skip, and even swim. All these are beneficial.

SHOCKED AT OUR ARTICLE

"*Some months ago* LONDON LIFE *had the temerity to publish an article in which it advocated make-up for men. Is the policy of this magazine to turn men into sissies, then?*" *writes* "*Disgusted.*" "*To my mind a man wearing make-up is revolting.*"

ANSWER.—You can't have read the article, then, which was by Miss Madeline Alvarez. In it our author proved that during the time men wore brightly coloured clothes, make-up and beauty spots, they were more virile, cultured and artistic than they are to-day. For a man to imitate a woman is sissy, but for a man to groom and care for his skin and appearance, or to add to his masculine attractions,

is not. Maquillage is a fascinating subject as old as the human race. Even shaving and hair cutting is a form of it. In our still you see Stewart Granger, the film actor, getting a bit of his own back. He is making up the make-up man, Stuart Freehorn. Stewart Granger's latest film is " Captain Boycott."

CAN A HUMAN VOICE SHATTER AN ELECTRIC LIGHT GLOBE ?

" *My husband has a friend (a Sergeant Major) with a particularly resonant voice, and after he has paid us a visit we invariably find that one of our electric globes either goes 'phut' or shatters. Could this be the result of the impact of his voice ?*" *asks Mrs. Ann Seardon.*

ANSWER.—Yes, it could, but the odd thing is that the globe shatters after he has left, so his voice must weaken its essential fibres. Certain notes in music can shatter glass, so why not the human voice ? In our still you see Einar Sissener trying to shatter a globe. He did not succeed, though he made some weird and excruciating noises. Your friend's voice must set up some unusual vibrations in the atmosphere to account for your shattered globes, unless he is secretly working for the Fuel-saving Department !

WHEN AUGUST COMES

Many readers may have felt mystified by the non-appearance of a separate issue of *London Life* for May. The reason why was the shortage of paper, which obliged us to combine May with our April issue. We notified this on the top of the Contents page. For the same reason this current issue is dated June and July. But with the August issue we shall be able to return to regular monthly publication—touch wood, or rather, touch coal ! It was for lack of coal that the paper mills had to close down.

Now for a more cheerful subject, viz., the Contents of our August number. The four-page coloured cover will please you a lot, but the four-page coloured supplement will make you laugh, and we are not, therefore, giving away its humorous appeal in advance.

The Matania story is remarkably illustrated. It is all about " The First Wife of Mahomet." This is a subject of vital interest to millions of Mahometans. The other writers are some of the old hands doing their best, with a number of newcomers who write daringly on subjects that concern us all—including " Lisette." Our series of bathing belles are selected from the best of the bunch—and we are sure readers will not leave them alone. If your birthday is in August, Nina de Lunar will tell you all about it. There is much else to tell you, but space forbids.

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MAKER OF ROYAL ASSEGAIS

Zilwane Cebe, traditional assegai maker to the Royal House of the Zulus, makes the weapons for peace-time uses. The Leopard skin hat is also traditional and goes with the job. Cebe's son will succeed him.

Adele Mara is the perfect model. Comfortably seated in the bend of an old tree ; with her spaniel well in hand, she smiles, the perfect smile and awaits the camera-man's " O.K."